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Letters from Mothers

Speak in warm terms of what Scott's Emulsion has done for their delicate, sickly children. It's use has brought thousands back to rosy health.

Scott's Emulsion

of cod-liver oil with Hypophosphites is employed with great success in all ailments that reduce flesh and strength. Little ones take it with relish.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.



"COLCHESTER" SPADING BOOT.

BEST IN MARKET. BEST IN WEAVING. QUALITY.

The outer or top sole extends down to the heel, preventing the foot from slipping and in other hard work.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM. And don't put off with inferior goods.

COLCHESTER RUBBER CO.

After 25 Years

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.

ATLANTA, GA.

DR. GUNN'S

IMPROVED

LIVER PILLS

A MILD PHYSIC

ONE PILL FOR A DOSE.

A man of my age is in need of a mild physic. These pills supply what the system lacks to make it regular. They are gentle and clean. They do not irritate the bowels, but they cleanse the system. They are the best pills I have ever used. They are the best pills I have ever used. They are the best pills I have ever used.

Apply Balm into each nostril.

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SOLDIERS.

Our ranks are growing thinner.

And death is still a winner.

Every year.

Yet we must stick together.

Like the toughest kind of weather.

Every year.

Our comrades have departed.

And left us broken-hearted.

Every year.

But their spirits fondly greet us.

And they constantly entreat us.

To come, that they may meet us.

Every year.

We are growing old and lonely.

And our hearts are full of pain.

Every year.

We bid for this great Nation.

And with a kind of station.

Every year.

Many people may forget us.

And our names are soon forgot.

Every year.

Yet, while we are drifting.

Our souls with hope are lifting.

To be with you in the future.

Every year.

So we still must do our duty.

And live in love and beauty.

Every year.

While the flag that waves above us.

And the little ones that love us.

Every year.

Shall cherish and bewail us.

Every year.

In the Maytime of the flowers.

Every year.

We shall live in golden hours.

Every year.

And our souls be lifted.

Every year.

Down the ages growing glory.

Every year.

With a blaze of living glory.

Every year.

—Col. John A. Joyce

Major Pauline Cushman.

In a yet unmarked grave in Laurel Hill rests the body of Major Pauline Cushman. The title was first bestowed by the soldiers of the army of the Cumberland, who admired the bravery of the handsome girl spy, and who on battlefield and in hospital had learned the gentleness of her touch. It was confirmed by President Lincoln. "Let her keep the title," said Lincoln. "She has earned it." So a commission was made out for Major Pauline Cushman.

In war time the major was famous. After the war Lincoln, her friend, was murdered, and Pauline Cushman, the dashing, resolute young woman who had passed at no danger, was forgotten. At one time, when for weeks she had lain in the Union lines near death from fever, a Captain Garfield had helped nurse her back to strength and he it was who had put her case before the president. When in time Garfield became president he might have done something for her, but the assassin's bullet reached him.

Pauline Cushman was born in New Orleans in 1839. Early in the fifties she married Charles E. Dickinson, and in 1862 she was a penniless widow, her husband, wearing the blue, being killed in battle. She resumed her maiden name and went back to the stage, where she had some experience. She was handsome and blithe and popular. In the strongholds of secession she could sing the songs of the North, and officers uniformed in gray flocked about her to applaud. But when they asked her to toast Jefferson Davis and the Confederacy, she laughed at them. She was so much in conference with these officers that suspicion fell upon her, and she was summoned before the Federal authorities. They accused her of sympathizing with the South, and then she laughed at them. She told of the refusal to toast Jefferson Davis.

On the incident her fortune hinged. It led to her becoming a spy. She was told to toast Davis in Louisville and it was arranged that for the act of treason she should be ordered to leave. This was done, and repeated at Nashville. The dress, persecuted and defiant, became the idol of the Confederacy. They gave her the name of "The Girl Spy." Her ostensible mission was to find her brother. She ascertained the numbers of the enemy, their positions, their plans, and was captured by Forrest's men. Before she could be tried she fell sick, and before complete recovery the Federals had forced Forrest to retreat. In the confusion Pauline escaped and made her report. It was complete. Then she broke down, and during the long illness that ensued the title major was given her. She went on other expeditions. She cared for the wounded and soothed the dying. The army of the Cumberland learned to love her.

But after all the ingratitude of the republic was her reward. As years went by she came West. She married a man named Fryer, and he deserted her. She secured a pitiful pension that would barely avert starvation. She toiled at menial labor when her health would permit. She tried later to get into some charitable institution and failed. At last she was almost dependent upon charity. So dire was her poverty that when she died in San Francisco last year it was believed that she had sought relief in suicide. Investigation disproved this. The major, worn, only, hopelessly, her spirit finally crushed by adversity and privation, had given up the struggle. When her almost inevitable courage failed, death came quickly. Now people speak in praise of her who had been neglected. A beautiful girl she was in the early '60's. A photograph taken in 1873 shows more than a trace of the beauty left. It pictures her in black lace dress with waist decollete and with a Spanish mantilla draped about her head and falling over her shoulders. The abundant hair is in coils upon her head, and from beneath a velvet band some locks appear.

Soon after the close of the rebellion books were written about the girl spy. They lauded her, but paid no heed to her. The lecture platform proved barren of profit, for the people turned from war to themes of peace. The stage was tried again, but yielded little better, and the major began to think that in time her service would

be recognized. In this belief she found solace, and long and vainly she cherished it. Pauline Cushman had brilliancy of mind as well as beauty of person. She was kind as brave. Even when poverty was her lot she helped people whose distress was greater than her own. For children her affection was strong and often manifested. She was not vain, and she asked of the government only what others had received. All in all her life was one of sorrow, but if, as the end drew near there was bitterness in her heart, she made no plaint, and she passed away bravely as in war time she had penetrated the lines of the foe.—San Francisco Examiner.

The Foremost Man.

"Lincoln believed in the sovereignty of the people—in the supremacy of the nation—in the territorial integrity of the republic."

"Lincoln assumed the leading part in the greatest drama ever acted upon the stage of a continent. His criticisms of military movements, his correspondence with his generals and others on the conduct of the war show that he was at all times master of the situation, that he was a natural strategist, that he appreciated the difficulties and advantages of every kind, and that in the still and mental field of war he stood the peer of any man beneath the flag."

"In passion's storm he stood unmoved, patient, just and candid. In his brain there was no cloud and in his heart no hate. He longed to save the South as well as the North, to see the nation one and free. He lived until the end was known. He lived until the Confederacy was dead; until Lee surrendered, until Davis fled and until the doors of Libby prison opened, until the republic was supreme."

"He lived until Lincoln and liberty were united forever. He lived until there remained for him nothing to do so great as he had done. What he did was worth living for, worth dying for."

"He lived until he stood in the midst of universal joy, beneath the outstretched wings of peace—the foremost man in all the world. And then the horror came. Night fell of noon. The savior of the republic, the breaker of the chains, the liberator of millions, he who had assured freedom to the free, was dead."

"Upon his brow fame placed the immortal wreath. For the first time in the history of the world a nation bowed and wept. The memory of Lincoln is the strongest tie that binds all hearts together now and holds all souls beneath a nation's flag.—Ingersoll.

Buffalo Bill.

"I notice there is a disposition on the part of certain newspapers to cast reflections on Buffalo Bill," said George Henderson, of Helena, Mont. "Every now and then somebody will come out and call him a dress-suit Indian fighter or a fakir or something of that sort, but don't you make any mistake about Bill Cody. He's a fighter and as game a one as ever wore out shoe leather."

"Ever hear about his duel with the big chief? Well, if that don't prove his game and something more than a long-haired circus entertainer I'm mistaken. Let's see, that was in 1873. Cody was then a government scout under General Crook. It was during the trouble with the Cheyennes and Arapahoes. Crook had 3,000 men under him, mostly green recruits. They went out into Northwestern Nebraska and conquered the Indians without ever firing a shot. Just before the Indians surrendered the two armies camped within two miles of each other. There was a tremendously big Cheyenne who used to get out on the plains every day and brandish his knife and whoop and dare any white man to come out and fight him. He did this for three or four days. Cody got tired of it. He went to General Crook.

"I look here, general, I'm going out to lick that Indian," said he.

"The general told him not to pay any attention to the Indian, but Bill persisted and he finally gave his consent. Bill took his knife, stripped to the waist and started out for him.

"I wish you could have seen that fight. Both armies turned out to a man, the Indians lined upon one hill and the whites on another. The big chief, soon as he saw Bill coming toward him quivering and prancing. They circled around each other once or twice, closed, and Bill's knife found his heart in about two seconds. Game? Well, you just bet he's game."

Derby's Joke.

Captain Derby, better known to fame by his literary name, "John Phoenix," perpetrated a joke which is one of the classics at West Point. The Theoretical Journal of the siege prescribes just what is to be done in investing a fortification, with the inevitable result—theoretical, of course—that the works are obliged to surrender within a certain number of days. Professor Mahan, and upon Derby to explain how, with a given number of guns and strength of garrison, he would defend a fort. "I would immediately evacuate the fort, then lay siege to it, and recapture it in forty-one days," replied Derby.—Harper's Weekly.

The Civil War.

In 1862 the United States provost marshal general reported that 61,362 men on the Union side had been killed in battle, 34,727 had died of their wounds, 183,226 had died of disease; total deaths, 279,315; total desertions, 109,105. A partial statement on the Confederate side declared that 123,821 men had died in battle of wounds or disease and 104,428 had deserted. During the war the Union troops captured 476,169 Confederate prisoners; the Confederates captured 212,408 Union men. Of the latter, 29,725 died in Confederate prisons, while 26,774 Confederates died in confinement.

Not Very Probable.

During the Nez Perce war of 1877 two soldiers were pursued by savages and had to fly for their lives. One of the soldiers was better mounted than his companion and soon was several hundred yards in the lead. Looking back, he perceived that the enemy was getting dangerously near, so he shouted:

"Come on, they're right after us!"

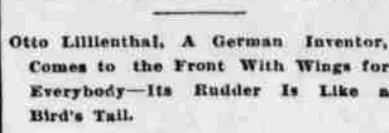
The man in the rear ironically replied:

"You don't think I'm trying to throw this race, do you?"

FOR HUMAN ANGELS.

A FLYING MACHINE AT LAST WELL PERFECTED.

Otto Lillenthal, A German Inventor, Comes to the Front With Wings for Everybody—Its Rudder Is Like a Bird's Tail.



THE PROBLEM OF FLYING.

Flying has been solved, it is claimed, by a rich scientist in Berlin, Otto Lillenthal, who, undismayed by the failures of the hundreds who have preceded him in the same line of effort, has experimented

until he can now claim, apparently with some reason, to have achieved success.

The Lillenthal theory is that birds do not exercise great power in flying, but keep aloft in the air by the particular way in which they manipulate their wings. Reasoning upon these lines, a flying machine has been constructed upon a variety of angles, designed to catch the air in whatever direction it may come, or from whatever quarter.

The affair is built in almost exact imitation of the wings of a bat; the delicate ribs and body are made of willow wood, which is tough but light; the wings are covered with light sheeting, and when spread they have a circumference of twenty square yards. The entire apparatus weighs forty pounds.

Lillenthal began his trials with the new flying machine from the summit of a turret which rises forty feet from the ground. Adjusting the wings as shown in the accompanying illustration, and seating himself upon the skeleton body of the mechanism, which, unfortunately, must be imagined in the drawing, the artist has considered it so exceedingly frail as to make it indistinguishable, the inventor pushed himself off from the tower top into space, as one would push away a boat from the bank. Working the wings with little effort, the man fluttered through the air, finally reaching a height of 200 feet above the surface, and then descended safely.

After this experiment, which satisfied him of the practicability of his theory, Mr. Lillenthal resolved to gradually increase the altitude, and for this purpose he went to the steep hill of Rihnow, near Rastenburg, which rises to an abrupt height of 236 feet, its side being a stony cliff almost perpendicular. On the top of this hill he built a small tower, making the entire distance from the level 350 feet.

Then he adjusted his flying apparatus and leaped off. Upon his first trial he sank perhaps fifty feet, and then commenced to rise again until he had reached 1,000 feet, and then gradually floated down, alighting gently upon the road.

Repeating his experiments for several days, he eventually reached such perfection that he was able to stand still in the air without moving the

wings. He also traveled in circles, steering himself by the appliance which will be noticed in the sketch as a semi-circular attachment, doing the same duty as a rudder as that done by the tail of a bird.

To a moderate degree Mr. Lillenthal appears now to have accomplished the aerial movements of the bird, and it only remains to be seen whether he can sufficiently perfect his system to rise to great heights, or to remain aloft with the same endurance as do the creatures designed by nature for that purpose.

The scientist's description of the sensation while sailing through the air is certainly attractive. He says that the feeling of motion is entirely lost, so easy and free from fatigue is it. The absence also of any stationary objects, which would indicate movement in the human being, gives the sensation that the earth, instead of the man himself, is in motion.

Wanted to Be Unmarried.

A young Polish woman, whose maiden name is as unpronounceable as her married name, which is Katerovska, appeared at the Camden city hall this morning and asked City Clerk Varney for a divorce. She declared that her husband had basely deceived her and that further union with him was a mere impossibility.

"How long have you been married, madam?" inquired the clerk.

"Since yesterday," came the answer.

"What has occurred to disturb your nuptial joy?"

"Who my husband told me he had \$1,000 in bank, owned any quantity of real estate and was going to let me live in clover. I found on getting home that there was any clover pasture for me I'd have to find it myself. His stories of bank accounts are fables, pure and simple, while the real estate yard is a hollow mockery."

Mrs. Katerovska was very vindictive when told she could not get a divorce outside the chancery court, which would not grant such a document for the reasons detailed by her.

"Humph!" she ejaculated as she left the hall. "It's very funny that the man that married me can't marry me."

Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Sure of a Place.

Employment Agent—Any recommendations for your last place?

Applicant—No.

"Where did you work last?"

"In a railroad restaurant."

"Discharged?"

"Yes."

"What for?"

"I made the coffee too strong, and out the meat too thick."

"Say! here's 25. Wait a few days, and I'll try to work you into my baggage house."

On an average the letters received by the German emperor number nearly 600 a day.

For Human Angels.

Two wards of the Barnet jail, near Calcutta, have been convicted of conspiracy which has probably no parallel in the history of criminal prisoners. These unfortunates, the cells of the prison, exchanged their jail apparel for every-day clothing, and told them to go forth and break into the houses in the locality. The plunder was to be brought "home" in the morning for equal distribution among the parties concerned, and the convicts were then to resume their peaceful daily work. Fortunately for the interests of society the burglars became disheartened with their share of the spoils and were overheard discussing their grievances by another warder, who gave information to the prison authorities. The warders with whom this audaciously ingenious scheme originated have been sentenced to two years' rigorous imprisonment, but on appeal their case is stated to have been committed to the criminal sessions, to be dealt with by a jury.—London Daily News.

How Not to Take Cold.

A little bit of really valuable advice for this season of the year: Keep your mouth shut. If people would only do this they would avoid colds and coughs, and oftentimes serious illness. The prescription is a very simple one, and not even the merit of originality can be claimed for it; but it undoubtedly is efficacious. Mr. Catlin, the celebrated traveler among the North American Indians, discovered that they were free from many of the diseases which afflict civilized nations, and he attributed this exemption to the practice of keeping their mouths closed at almost all times, except when they are eating or talking. The mothers teach the children this from their earliest infancy. And does it not stand to reason that it is better to breathe through the nostrils than to let air when leaving a heated room for the street, or even when going into a cold passage, then letting it go straight to the lungs in an ordinary way? Mr. Catlin declares that "Shut your mouth!" is the most important motto which the human language can convey.—National Educator.

Dodging an Unwelcome Guest.

The present to the Queen of a lion and lioness from the Sultan of Zanzibar reminds us that her good-natured Majesty must, in her time, have received a dozen complete menageries from her foreign admirers and savage contemporary rulers. It is not every day, however, who will forlornly accept the denizens of the forest and wilderness as does the Queen. A good story is told of the late Sultan Burghash and Sir John Kirk, then our Consul-General at the Turkish capital. The Sultan, who was a very savage, and as a happy thought, he offered it to Sir John, reminding him that the lion formed one of the supporters of the Royal Arms above the gate of the British Consulate, and that the presence of the real brute would, therefore, be highly appropriate. Alive to the jest, Sir John quickly caped it and at the same time escaped the necessity of accepting such an unpleasant gift. "I am sure that your majesty would never make an incomplete present," he replied, "and when you are able to accompany the lion with a unicorn I shall be delighted to receive your munificent offer."—Black and White.

Every one gives it the highest praise.

Dr. Graded, Druggist, Walnut and Allison Sts., Cincinnati, O., says of this trade: "I sell my share of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup and my customers are all well. The preparation speaks of it in the highest terms."

It takes an unusually self-satisfied man to be arrogant and haughty in a pair of frayed trousers.

Can't be beaten! Mr. J. G. Wittig, Blue Mound, Ill., writes: "I have used Serravallo's with wonderful success for inflammatory rheumatism in my foot. It cannot be beat."

His Record.

A man who died recently in Berlin, at the age of 73, left the following record, which he began when 18 years old and continued for fifty-two years. The best of his record, which he had received 628,715 cigars, of which he had smoked 41,037 as presents, while for the remaining 587,678 he had paid \$10,443. In fifty-two years, according to his book-keeping, he had drunk 28,786 glasses of beer and 39,081 glasses of spirits, for all of which he spent \$3,350. The diary closed with these words: "I have tried all things; I have seen many; I have accomplished nothing."

Five Famous Etchings.

The Passenger Department of the New York Central has just issued a series of five beautiful etchings, which artistically outline anything of the kind ever issued by a railway company. The series includes a number of any advertising feature renders them suitable for hanging in your office, library or home.

A brief description of each, with a glance at their title, is all that is necessary to obtain a fair idea of the pictures.

No. 1 is "Washington Bridge," which spans the Harlem River at 181st Street—one of the finest bridges in the world, and a marvel of engineering. In the distance is the Chrysler Building, which is the foreground a characteristic river scene, that will be recognized by any one at all familiar with the locality.

No. 2 is "Rock of Ages Niagara Falls," from a photo by William H. Jackson & Co., Denver. A view that has been admired by every one who has seen it. The soft tones in which it is printed add greatly to the effect of the falling waters and spray.

No. 3 is "Old Spring at West Point," also from a photo by William H. Jackson & Co., Denver. A romantic scene, recalling memories of summer days at the famous military academy.

No. 4 is "The DeWitt Clinton," the famous Empire State Express Engine—'99," which occasioned such widespread comment at the World's Fair, occupies the top half of the card, and below appears the old "DeWitt Clinton," affording a truly remarkable example of the progress of railroad science in the past fifty years.

No. 5—"Rounding the Nose, Mohawk Valley." One of the handsomest railroad views in the world. The scene is just below Little Falls.

These etchings are all printed on fine plate paper, 14x22 inches, suitable for framing. Copies of either of them can be procured at the office of W. B. Jerome, 97 Clark street, Chicago, for 50 cents each, or by mail in stiff tube, secure from injury, for 75 cents, in currency, stamps, express or postal money order, upon application to George H. Daniels, general passenger agent, Grand Central station, New York.

It rather destroys the poet's illusion to hear a good-natured old soul, returned from abroad, expatiating upon the picturesque qualities of the "Grande Canaille" of Venice.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We have the honor to certify that Dr. F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in